

1937

"MARG"

CLASS OF 40"

"Betty"

"Bob"

"Billy"

"Paul"

"Mae"

"Sally"

"Pat"

"MARNEY"

"Phil"

"WARREN"

"Charlie"

"Rita"

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- AND -

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THE GREEN AND GOLD

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF WEST RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME X

JUNE, 1937

NUMBER III

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- W. R. H. S. -



- 1937 -



SPLINTERS

This message comes to you from the depth of my overflowing heart, from the world in which the insistent clamor and clack of the mimeograph and typewriter, the shuffle of slip sheets, and hurry of frantic feet, are familiar sounds--the mechanical world, so to speak.

I pause for a moment and brush from my brow the jeweled beads of perspiration. I withdraw into my protecting shell, and deafen my ears against the roar and bustle which pervades the atmosphere of the press room. I walk apart from the common herd for a moment that I may linger for a moment over that fateful word--farewell; that I may, so to speak, roll it tenderly on my tongue as a last delicious morsel. It is not without difficulty that I bring myself to utter that note of farewell. And as I am on the verge of embarking into the unknown, perhaps I should make a brief redress of grievances. Through the medium of the press I have hurled many a bouquet at your defenseless heads. I trust that you have taken these in the manner in which they were intended; but, should this not be so, I desire to present my humble and abject apologies, for the way I have utilized the privilege of the freedom of the press.

With an almost overwhelming sense of regret, I am literally compelled to bid you--farewell.

Roberta J. Moore. Sand-papered by:

Miss Humphreys
Miss Hinchey
Miss Burns

OUR GREEN AND GOLD

The Green and Gold Magazine ends another year! When first started, this magazine was published by a printing company. The students at that time had very little to do with the actual getting out of this periodical. All they had to do was to write up the material, send it to the printer, and just wait until it came back, a complete magazine. A few years later the mimeograph was introduced, and the Green and Gold News was established.

Now, in this last year we believe that we are in a class by ourselves. Not only do we mimeograph the whole magazine, but we also do our own photography work. If you think that this is a snap job, we will just quote figures. In our class there are forty-one students. We published 200 magazines. Forty-one multiplied by 200 will give you 8100 pictures to be pasted in these books, all by hand. Add to this the 1000 activity pictures to be taken, and you will have around 9100 pictures. Not bad!

Lest some of you get the idea that we are protesting against this method, let us say this, "We absolutely do not see how anybody can get any fun out of doing a magazine if all the work is done by a printer."

TO THE FRESHMEN

The Class of '34—just one more class growing up. As you sit in your back seats 'mid wilted ferns and irises gazing enviously up at the seniors, our thoughts go back to that first graduation exercise we witnessed at W. R. H. S.

At that time we weren't old enough to feel the responsibility of maintaining school spirit. It was the duty of the coming seniors, as usual, to keep that alive.

Now we can speak from experience, "Our school is what WE make it."

In a few days we will be leaving. Don't envy us, Freshmen. If we had our way we wouldn't be going.

Remember when you come back next year that the school will be just the same; but the thoughts, words, and deeds, by which other people judge W. R. H. S. will be in YOUR hands.

LITERARY



ELEGY IN A COUNTRY DOORYARD

Hot and perspiring in a scant bathing suit, topped by a huge, droopy brimmed straw hat, I grasped the sticky handle of the lawn mower and gave it a vicious shove. We creaked heavily the length of the lawn and back. I pushed a lock of damp hair back under my hat and squirmed uncomfortably beneath the merciless rays of the sun. My dog loped uneasily out of the golden glow, as I plucked a spear of grass from the midst of the rose bushes and blew shrilly upon it, while I held it taut between my thumbs. He was panting wearily, with his tongue, dripping with saliva, hanging listlessly overboard sideways.

I pushed the lawn mower as far as the driveway while Brownie stood watching me, his ears drooping disconsolately; then as I started towards the river, he trailed along behind me.

The river twisted slowly and without ambition between banks that were lined with choke-cherry and willow, punctuated by occasional bursts of brilliant, glowing cardinal flower. In one place it widened generously in a portly curve, and we headed for that spot. The banks were draped with the summer boarders from up the line. A feeling of disgust swept over me. Two or three swarthy men, briefly clad, lay prone upon their umbilical regions. A half-dozen females, in like attire and like position occupied the rest of the grassy bank. A couple of children, shrieking and splashing, claimed the swimming pool.

Brownie and I turned and beat a hasty retreat, smouldering inwardly with resentment at the lordly arrogance with which the summer people trampled upon the

rights of the natives.

We skirted the cornpiece and a few minutes later were floating lazily around in the upper swimming hole, blissfully contemplating the clouds of mud, which, roused from its slumber on the floor of the river, swept downstream to the summer colony.

The sun lingered over the western hill when we returned to our lawn mowing, dripping and shivering. I finished mowing the lawn and just before the sun disappeared behind the woods on the hill, I kindled a fire in our little brick fireplace in the corner of the garden. Soon I was flopping pan cakes on a smoking grid-dle, while potatoes roasted blackly in the coals, and a big kettle of hot water steamed on the corner of the grate, waiting for the pile of freshly-husked corn. A circle of the neighbors' children roosted on my lawn benches with wide eyes and big mouths and bigger stomachs.

* * * * *

Clarendon Springs used to be a social-minded community, but it has backslid to a sad state of inertia and boredom. I was quite grieved when the annual corn-roast-with-variations was discontinued because of the tremendous amount of labor involved in deciding that the time (and the corn) was ripe for the celebration. There did not seem to be anything I could do.

Last summer I had a brilliant idea. In one corner of our cellar was a pile of bricks which had been pulled out of the wall to make way for a cement foundation. They were good bricks, rather musty and damp, but perfectly good bricks.

I laboriously carried all the best ones upstairs and out into the sunlight. I was so inspired that even the corpulent brown spiders scrambling worriedly around could not deter me from my purpose.

While my mother was entertaining a caller, I used the iron-tooth garden rake in the poppy bed with encouraging results. By mid afternoon, where brilliant poppies had bloomed a short time before, a squat, comfortable fireplace hugged the ground. It is not built in accordance with the architects' opinions as expressed in "BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS," but it serves every purpose for which it was intended.

We tested the fireplace privately once or twice and then one moonlit evening we officially christened it. The dignified journalist-neighbor used his army training to help keep a glowing bed of coals beneath the grate where hamburgers sputtered juicily. His wife sat on a rough bench, glorying in the warmth and cheerfulness of the fire, and in her husband's undignified yarns.

After stuffing ourselves with hamburgers, rolls, punch, watermelon, and marshmallows, we piled on solid timbers and grouped around the fire to watch the array of sparks as they spiraled upward. We sang such songs as "Stars of a Summer's Night," "Juanita," and "Seeing Nellie Home," with a harmonica and banjo accompaniment.

When the two neighbors had gone across the lawn into the shadows in which their own home nestled, and my family had gone into the house, I lay on a long cushion before the glowing fire. The coals hissed warningly and little rosy flames ran and leaped around and over the bright embers. A cricket chirped happily from the darkness behind the fireplace, and my dog padded silently out of the shadows to my side. I felt very drowsy and comfortable, and as I lay staring into the fire, I unconsciously punched watermelon seeds into the lawn. The watermelon seeds grew into a grove of thrifty young plants around the fireplace. They flourished there and waxed strong and sturdy.

The fireplace is often the center of interest for the younger crowd. One or two drift down across the bridge to watch in mingled disbelief and envy as I practice the outdoor culinary art. In the circle of firelight, the rough, jagged edges of their modern youthfulness are softened. Their talk is colorfully slangy--they hold nothing in reverence. But under the influence of the firelight, the more pleasing part of their nature is brought out.

I think our pride in that corner of the garden is justifiable. Our neighbors cast covetous eyes at it from the road, or boldly approached to examine minutely the manner in which the bricks are laid. And the fireplace germ spread.

We are at our best early in the morning, or late afternoon, or in the evening.

In the morning when each spear of grass and each flowerlet carries a tiny jeweled dew-drop it is a picture worth working to keep. And in the meadow by the river the red-winged blackbirds chatter and scold from their perches in the willows that lean heavily towards the water.

In the late afternoon the sun slants across the lawn through the family of young elms by the road. The sunlight crowns with a mellow warmth the tops of the tall elms along the fence, and golden orioles whistle gayly from the topmost branches. In the early evening when the skyline is faintly pink behind the tall firs, the vesper thrushes sing from the shadows of the woods. And later, the moonlight sends long white fingers between the branches of the portly apple tree in the corner of the lawn.

One night as I sat there quietly beneath the tree, an owl came and tarried for a few moments upon a branch a few feet above me. His two bright eyes seemed to shine on me benevolently, as we sat there staring at each other.

When summer comes, I get so engrossed with the wonders of outdoor life that I move out to sleep and eat with nature under the blue sky for a roof. My bed is a hammock strung between the corner of the house and the gnarled old apple tree.

One morning last summer I woke up in the cold grayness of night shifting silently before the dawn. One by one the stars faded into oblivion as the sky grew lighter in the east. I lay watching for the rising of the sun, and as I watched, a silvery bright star rose and climbed higher over the hill. It was so big and radiant--I watched it, fascinated. Higher it climbed, and still higher. Gay streamers of light were flung up from behind the hill. The sun appeared, clad in his imperial robes, beaming genially, confident of a joyous welcome. But I stared at the spot amid his bright trappings where the Morning Star had disappeared.

We have planted us a border beyond the driveway. Stately blue delphiniums keep step with clumps of hollyhocks as they march along in our border. Phlox blooms profusely above a mass of the dark green foliage of early-flowering plants. Baby's breath drifts in a winsome cloud against the taller dragon's head. And late in the fall, African daisies are everywhere, boldly defying the chill of Vermont nights.

Our neighbors sow a few annuals **beside** a fence and **l e t** the chickens scratch them out; they cut their lawn grass with a scythe and pasture a cow there.

When January creeps in, frozen and snowy, we spend hours thumbing through seed catalogs. For us, our garden is never dead. When spring comes to it, we sally forth hopefully to poke away frozen leaves and to peer fearfully to see how the primrose or the ramblers survived the winter. We spend hours diligently making war on such creatures as aphids, red spiders, and rose beetles.

When the garden bug gets you, yours is a hopeless case. You'll swelter cheerfully beneath a broiling sun rather than mow your lawn with a few bold strokes of a scythe; and you won't spend hours planning and dreaming of your garden to let the chickens scratch it up without a murmur from your direction.

When the frogs honk plaintively at night from the meadow by the river, when the buds on the lilac swell exuberantly, and the crows caw, hoarse but happy, from the old dead butternut tree beside the fence--it means

that our garden, with the rest of creation, is calling to us.

First prize, State Literary Contest

--by Roberta Moore

MY MOTHER'S DINNER SET

There was always a feeling of festivity in our home as soon as Mother got out her stepladder and started to hand down to us her best dishes from the uppermost shelves in the pantry. The occasions that warranted the using of this best china were the expectation of guests for dinner, a birthday celebration, and greatest of all the biannual occurrences, namely, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, in view of our turkey feast. With Mother's unsurpassed culinary art and our indefatigable efforts at the table arrangements, these were gala events.

Immediately after these festive affairs, back to their haven would go those precious china pieces, hibernating, as it were.

As a youngster I looked with awe at those immense stacks; row upon row of glistening crockery. Often while playing by myself after the others had gone off to school, in my little dream world I could fancy myself facing an army of soldiers as they majestically stood there looking down at me.

When I became old enough to help set the table, although I felt rather important in being assigned this duty, it was rather a trying ordeal, when from Mother in the kitchen would invariably come, "Do be careful with those plates. I wouldn't care but you know how it is; I can't get another set like it for love or money." It was the same way when it came to washing or drying the dishes. We were repeatedly told not to pile them too high and not to bang them so. Mother was always bemoaning the fact that the set had once contained one hundred and ten pieces and that now it was dwindling down to almost nothing.

Revelling in our dinner set was becoming an obsession with all of us. Whenever we were at a friend's home or at a public dining place, we were sure to take notice of the dishes and mentally compare them with our invaluable ones. And when we arrived home and told of the meal we had out, we would preface it with a description of the table service.

One day Mother returned from a shopping tour, her face beaming with that little flushed radiant smile we all know so well, donating the fact that she has some very happy message to relate. Her face is always like

an open book to us, and in this instance we thought it needless to ask. Surely it must be that Greta Garbo was billed for the next attraction at the Paramount; nevertheless we were curious when she said it was better than that and started with, "What do you know? I happened to be looking around in the china department at Tracy's, and what do you think I saw? You won't believe it, but honest and truly they have a dinner set almost like mine. You'd swear it is identical--same color, same border, and even the design; only, of course, I know ours is much better because you know it was a wedding present from Aunt Edna, and you know how she always gets the best of everything. But really, if I ever want a piece to fill in, I can buy it as they keep open stock and nobody would ever know the difference."

We were the ones to be thankful for this tidings of good fortune, for at least our nerves could be more at ease handling the set, with the knowledge that in the event that a piece of the treasure should accidentally slip and break, there was a possible way of replacing it.

From then on, everytime Mother came home laden with purchases we could almost bank on finding among her parcels another cup, saucer, plate, or gravy boat. True enough, a guest at the table could hardly detect any difference. In fact, we ourselves could see no distinction, or was it perhaps that we didn't care to look too closely?

From time to time when our family assembled and we ran short of discussions, we would usually find ourselves planning on the improvement of our home, inasmuch as we would suggest getting a new rug, another rocker, etc. On one occasion one of us mentioned that it was high time our dining room was given a little attention.

"After all, it is a room we use more often than we do the others and we should try to make it more inspiring. The new suites they are showing have the cutest china cabinets." This we knew would hit the spot with Mother, and at once her enthusiasm knew no bounds.

"And to think," she said, "that all these years my poor dishes have been just thrown together, helter-skelter in the pantry, when we could have had the proper place for them where we could do them justice. Furthermore, we should be proud to display such a nice set, and remember too, the sentiment in back of it--a wedding present and nearly twenty-five years old, with almost every piece intact. Mind you, one hundred and ten pieces!"

Mother as a rule does not exaggerate, but her felicity had risen to such an extent that she underestimated how much she had added to this set in the last five years or so.

It somehow reminded me of the story of a farmer who had often bragged about an axe he owned. He claimed that it had been in his family for fifty years. Of course, he admitted that he had to get a new handle for it every so often, and had purchased four or five new heads for it. Yet he still prided himself on the fact that he bought that axe fifty years ago.

It often occurred to me that if I had my say in the matter, considering what was spent in replenishing the dinner set, I would rather just get a new inexpensive service now and then, disregarding all sentiments. In so doing one could keep up with the prevailing mode, for even in items like these there are style changes.

Came the day for fixing the china cabinet. It was large plates first, smaller sized next, and so it went; no matter how we had arranged them, there was certain to be changes made. "Maybe we had better place the cups upside down, or perhaps they would look better hanging from small hooks. I've seen in some homes where they are just placed one on top of the others."

As I helped to remove the dishes from their snug little abode they had known for more than two decades, I came across two very large platters of greater dimensions than any I had ever seen, even in hotels or restaurants. They had a foreign look to me. Undoubtedly the pattern was the same since they belonged to the original set; nevertheless, they looked brighter and newer, owing to the fact that they had been spared the wear and tear of use and even the strain of soap and water that the other pieces were exposed to. Yet to me they looked forlorn. I couldn't help associating them in my mind with some people who live selfish, secluded lives, with never a thought for the outside world. Still, they are not so happy perhaps as others who are always ready to serve. To me these other dishes, faded and marred, had a facial expression--that of contentment, satisfied with the active lives they had known.

I say active, for now since we have grown up we are treated as guests at every meal. Therefore, our best dishes!

These large platters puzzled me and I said, "Ma, how come I never saw you use these great big things?" She answered reminiscently, "My dear child, I used those extra large platters only on very special occasions; that was when you were babies and I'd give a real party on the day of your christening." Of course I couldn't remember; for, you see, I am the youngest.

Third Prize, State Literary Contest

Thelma Wolinsky

CLASS
OF
- 1937 -



Alberta Nellie Accorsi
Commercial Course

"Nell"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Glee Club 1, 2
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4 Dance Committee

Nellie is the girl who is always around when there is work to be done. Nell not only makes a good basketball player but also a cute waitress.



Anna Dorothy Anderson
Commercial Course

"Anna"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Glee Club 2

Anna is the girl from the hill with a ready sympathetic tear to shed for any of her friends. She generally arrived at school about 8:35 eager to relate her experiences of the previous night.



Hildur Pauline Anderson
Commercial Course

"Popsie"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Glee Club 1, 2
Basketball 2, 3, 4 Green and Gold Reporter 3

Popsie is our class blonde. Between Civics and answering letters from Wilder she certainly was kept busy.



Mary Elizabeth Baker
Commercial Course

"Mary"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Basketball 1, 2
School Play 4 Senior Play Class History

Mary, as you have probably found out within the last year, makes quite a star. She also has an interest in Fair Haven. Is it the town or just the people in it?



Eleanor Barbara Bania "Mademoiselle"
Commercial Course

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Play Committee

Eleanor has a nature which we all admire. She never gets disturbed or ruffled--always calm and smiling. Mr. Morey would have been lost without her very efficient shorthand work.



Dorothy Elizabeth Bartlett "Dot"
Commercial Course

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4 School Play 1
Freshman Reception Committee Green and
Gold News 2 School Chorus 1, 2, 3
Glee Club 1, 2 Tennis 4 Prize Speaking
4

Dot is one of the few that made good in High School--at least she made good with Renny. If you're looking for an exciting time find Dot.



Vernon Elsworth Bateman "Vermin"
Commercial Course

Baseball 1 School C h o r u s 1, 2, 3
School Play 4 Salutatorian

Vernon is the tall slim guy who generally knows what it's all about even when the rest of us are in the fog.



Joan Gladys Bishop "Joanie"
Commercial Course

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Glee Club 1, 2
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4 Green and Gold
Reporter 4

Joan was the prize center on our basketball team. What Joan can't reach isn't worth reaching for. Ask Jersey--he knows'.



Herman John Brutkoski "Brutkoski"
Commercial Course

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Football 3, 4
Track 4

Brutkoski's favorite pastime was flunking English tests, and could he do it! He also aided the boys from the hill to keep in trim by racing them home.



Katherine Alice Chase "Al"
Commercial Course

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Glee Club 1, 2
Basketball 1, 2, 3 School Play 1, 2, 4
Freshman Reception Committee Associate
Editor Green and Gold 4 News Editor
Green and Gold News 4 Class Secretary 2
Senior Play Dance Committee Tennis 4
Prize Speaking 4 Class Prophecy

Al is always willing to do her share of work and also to get her share of fun out of life. She is ever ready with a cheerful word and I'm sure the Green and Gold Press Room will lament her absence next year.



Rodger Donald Dwyer "Don"
Commercial Course

School Shorus 1, 2, 3 Assistant Football
Manager 4 Assistant Basketball Manager 4

Don certainly lived up to his name of class pest, but after all every class must have someone to make Mr. Morey forget his dignity.



Gerald Bowen Eno "Jerry"
Latin Course

School Chorus 2, 3 Football 2, 3, 4

Jerry is just another Romeo from Ira. The W. R. girls didn't see much of him; most of his time was spent on an orange bridge.



Stephanie Catherine Grabowski
Commercial Course

"Stephie"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3

Stephie spent a good share of her time entertaining boyfriends, now do you wonder why she was always late for school?



Camelia Hazel Grazene
Latin Course

"Melia"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Play Committee
Class Poem

Melia is a very reserved lass but that has never affected her outstanding popularity. Her shyness seems to add much to her radiant smile and cheerfulness. We predict that some day she'll be a poetess of the highest rank.



Lorraine Marie Guertin
Commercial Course

"Sis"

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4 Green and Gold
News Editor 4 Green and Gold News
4 School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Motto Committee
Class Pastime

Sis is the girl who always has a stencil in her hand and a broad smile on her face. Her ambition was not only shown in the typing room but also on the basketball floor.



John Stanley Jozwiak
Commercial Course

"Jersey"

Football 2, 3, 4 Baseball 1, 4 Basket-
ball 1, 2, School Chorus 1, 2, 3

A flashy smile and a bit of blonde hair foretells the arrival of Jersey. The football field or the Avenue was his favorite hangout.



Stephen Michael Karwan
Latin Course

"Stooch"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Football 1, 3, 4
Baseball 3, 4 Basketball 1, 2 Color
Committee

Stooch has always been admired by all the girls, especially by one in the Sophomore Class. A game won't be worth seeing without Stevie's pitching arm although we doubt whether he uses it for pitching exclusively.



Alexander John Kaszuba
Commercial Course

"Kaszubie"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Baseball 1 Play
Committee Class History Honor Student
Motto Committee

Alex is the Class' greatest joker. Many times Kaszubie pulled us out of a hot spot with one of his bright remarks.



Frank Joseph Bruno
Commercial Course

"Frankie"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Baseball 1, 3, 4
Basketball 1, 2, 3 Football 2, 3, 4
Track, 4 School Play 4 Dance Committee
Class Treasurer 2 Stage Manager Senior
Play

A dance invitation in one hand and a list of names in the other let you know that Frankie was a very prominent member of the Dance Committee. Frankie's quick giggle livened up many a sad day.



Mary Margaret Kearney
Commercial Course

"Mary"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Glee Club 1, 2
Basketball 2

Mary spent a great deal of her time with her instruments. Some day we hope to see her in the Metropolitan Opera. We'll be there at your debut, Mary.



Stanley Peter Kurant
Commercial Course

"Stan"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Football 2, 3, 4
Baseball 1, 4 Stage Manager School Play
4 Dance Committee Color Committee
Class Prophecy

Stan is one of the best liked Senior boys. After he had finished rearranging Mr. Morey's pet expressions there wasn't a single frown in the entire class.



Edward Allan LaBelle
Commercial Course

"Ned"

Football 1, 2, 3, 4 Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4 Track 4, Stage
Manager School Play 4 Senior Play
Freshman Reception Committee Motto
Committee School Chorus 1, 2, 3

As it happens "Ned" is the Senior Class athlete which gives the class something to be proud of, to say nothing of his popularity as a "Romeo."



Genevieve Melvina LaBelle
Commercial Course

"Gen"

Basketball 1, 2, 3 Freshman Reception
Committee Glee Club 1, 2 School Chorus
1, 2, 3

Gen is a girl who is liked by most everyone she meets, especially the boys. She is a wonderful dancer and very entertaining with her jokes. Most of the time she is surrounded by a group of admiring boys of all classes.



Irma May Lang
Commercial Course

"Ummy"

Basketball 4 School Play 4 Green and
Gold News 4 Class Color Committee
School Chorus 2, 3

Ummy's pleasant smile and her cheerful word has gained her many friends in W. R. H. S. She often arrived late for school but just try getting up at 8 o'clock and then burning in from Castleton.

- W. R. H. S. -



Cecelia Joan Lebuda
Commercial Course

"Cele"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Glee Club 1, 2
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4 School Play 2, 4
Senior Play Green and Gold, Exchange
Editor, 4 Green and Gold News, Exchange
Editor, 4 Class Color Committee

Cecelia is that little lass with the squeaky voice, regardless of this she can always find a good word or smile for everyone. If you're looking for a pal call for Cele.



Samuel Levine
Latin Course

"Sam"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Freshman Reception
Committee Prize Speaking 1, 2, 3 School
Play 1, 2, 4 Tennis 2 Track 3 Green
and Gold, Reporter 1, Joke Editor 3,
Editor-in-chief, 4 Green and Gold News,
Editor 4 Assistant Basketball Manager
1, 2, 3 Class President 2, 3, 4 Senior
Play Presentations Honor Student

Sam is known for his outbursts of oratory, his acting, his businesslike manner, his editorial activities--an all around grand fellow.



Mary Margaret Magner
Latin Course

"Duchess"

School Chorus 3 School Play 4 Senior
Play Green and Gold, Assistant Business
Manager 4 Class Color Committee Class
Secretary 3, 4 Honor Student

An example of a girl who made good. Mary came to us in our Junior year, and in these last two years has taken the school by storm.



Martin Thomas McCormack
Commercial Course

"Mart"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Baseball Manager
2, 3, 4 Football Manager 4 Basketball
Assistant Manager 2, 3 Manager 4 Green
and Gold, Reporter 2, 3 Freshman Reception
Committee Motto Committee Class
Treasurer 3, 4

Mart is our ambitious baseball, basketball, and football manager. If you are in need of anything--just yell--Mart. His ability as an actor was also discovered in our Senior Play.

- 1937 -



Roberta June Moore
Commercial Course

"Berta"

Green and Gold Assistant Literary Editor 3, Literary Editor 4 Green and Gold News Literary Editor 3, Associate Editor 4 School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Class Will Honor Student

Berta is our class authoress. Twenty years from now when you sit down to read "My Travels" don't wonder why the style sounds familiar.



Cecilia Elizabeth Mulcahey
Latin Course

"Celia"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Basketball 2, 3, 4 Green and Gold, Reporter 4 Glee Club 1 Honor Student

If we ever miss anyone it certainly will be that little red-haired girl from the hill. Her smiling voice and pleasing personality has gained success for her.



Richard Philip Prenevost
Commercial Course

"Richie"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Baseball 1

Neatness, they say adds greatly to a man's success, and no matter what sort of success Richie has in the future, his neatness will always make it twice as large.



John Peter Sadoski
Commercial Course

"Soddy"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Basketball 1 Football 1, 3, 4 Track 4

Did you ever see a stick of dynamite in the form of a human being? Well take a look at the picture opposite this little biography. Despite his size Soddy went out and made good at one of the toughest games.

Thaddeus Joseph Wilk
Commercial Course

"Thad"

School Chorus 1, 2, 3 Motto Committee
Football 2



Thad is the boy who comes from the hill. He never complains about his work no matter how hard it is. His clannishness and coolness are also outstanding characteristics.

Thelma Lois Wolinsky
Latin Course

"Timmy"



Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4 School Play 1, 2, 4
Senior Play Green and Gold, Reporter 1, 2,
3, Business Manager 4 Green and Gold Cir-
culation Manager 4 Freshman Reception
Committee Motto Committee Glee Club 1, 2
School Chorus 1, 2, 3, Piano 3, 4 Vice
President 2, 3, 4 Music for Class Song
Valedictorian

Timmy is the plumpish damsel who is never quiet--generally silly--the kind of a pal who can bring you out of the dumps. We should mention, too, her scholastic and musical ability.



Francis Paul Woods
Commercial Course

"Fa"

Senior Play School Chorus 1, 2, 3, Class
Will

Fa has surprised us many times during our four years but the biggest surprise came when he appeared on the stage in Funny Phinnie.



Mary Eleanor Woods
Commercial Course

"Mamie"

Basketball 1 Glee Club 1, 2 School
Chorus 1, 2, 3

The merry little girl from Marble St. with her flaming red hair that is the envy of every girl in high school. She is always ready, willing, and able.

- W. R. H. S. -



Joseph John Yankowski
Latin Course

"Joe"

Basketball 1 School Chorus 1, 2, 3

Another boy who came to the village to seek fame and fortune. He has risen from a mere tot to the point where he can put up a good fight with John Sadowski.

-1937-

GIRL

CLASS OF 1937

BOY

Bernice Gould
 Mary Wagner
 Dorothy Bartlett
 Mary Wagner
 Thelma Wolinsky
 Roberta Moore

Genevieve LaBelle
 Eleanor Bania
 Thelma Wolinsky
 Joan Bishop
 Genevieve LaBelle
 Anna Anderson
 Camelia Grazene
 Irma Lang
 Mary Kearney
 Mary Kearney

Eleanor Bania
 Genevieve LaBelle
 Mary Baker
 Roberta Moore
 Lorraine Guertin
 Alice Chase
 Stephania Grabowski
 Alice Chase
 Genevieve LaBelle

Thelma Wolinsky
 Anna Anderson
 Cecelia Lebuda
 Lorraine Guertin
 Mary Woods
 Alice Chase
 Mary Woods
 Nellie Accorsi
 Alice Chase
 Thelma Wolinsky
 Nellie Accorsi
 Dorothy Bartlett
 Hildur Anderson
 Lorraine Guertin
 Eleanor Bania

Most Studious
 Most Dignified
 Class Pest
 Neatest
 Smartest
 Cleverest
 Class Sheik
 Class Flapper
 Quietest
 Noisiest
 Tallest
 Shortest
 Fattest
 Best Looking
 Cutest
 Truest Irishman
 Man Hater
 Woman Hater
 Most Shy
 Best Dancer
 Best Dressed
 Most Business Like
 Best Athlete
 Most Popular
 Most Romantic
 Most Pleasing Personality
 Greatest Joker
 Best Actor
 Best Actress
 Most Cheerful
 Most Careless
 Peppiest
 Laziest
 Best Built
 Slimmest
 Most Optimistic
 Best Liked
 Silliest
 Best Natured
 Most Sarcastic
 Most Serene
 Quickest Tempered
 Most Modest

Vernon Bateman
 Richard Prenevost
 Donald Dwyer
 Richard Prenevost
 Vernon Bateman
 Samuel Levine
 Joseph Yankowski

Thaddeus Wilk
 John Jozwiak
 Marcus Fish
 John Sadowski
 Stanley Kurant
 Francis Woods
 Stanley Kurant
 Martin McCormack

Vernon Bateman
 Thaddeus Wilk
 Samuel Levine
 Joseph Yankowski
 Samuel Levine
 Edward LaBelle
 Samuel Levine
 Marcus Fish
 Martin McCormack
 Samuel Levine
 Samuel Levine

Vernon Bateman
 Donald Dwyer
 Stanley Karwan
 Edward LaBelle
 Edward LaBelle
 Vernon Bateman
 Samuel Levine
 Martin McCormack
 Stanley Karwan
 Alexander Kaszuba
 John Sadowski
 Thaddeus Wilk
 Stanley Karwan
 Thaddeus Wilk

2

— W. R. H. S. —



— 1937 —

B A S K E T B A L L

Bruno, V., Karwan, Kearney, Pomykato, Blöomer, Hebert
Barewicz, Levine, LaBelle, Bishop, Bowen

S C H E D U L E

Dec. 4	Winooski	T	Jan. 23	M. S. J.	H
Dec. 11	Bennington	T	Jan. 29	Poultney	T
Dec. 15	Winooski	H	Jan. 30	Rutland	T
Dec. 16	Wallingford	T	Feb. 2	Hartford	H
Dec. 18	Burr and Burton	H	Feb. 5	Pittsford	T
Jan. 1	M. S. J.	T	Feb. 6	Bennington	H
Jan. 5	Brandon	H	Feb. 9	Proctor	T
Jan. 8	Proctor	H	Feb. 12	Brandon	T
Jan. 12	Pittsford	H	Feb. 13	Poultney	H
Jan. 15	Burr and Burton	T	Feb. 16	Fair Haven	T
Jan. 16	Fair Haven	H	Feb. 17	Rutland	H
			Feb. 22	Hartford	T

Managers: Martin McCormack and Francis Woods



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BASEBALL

McCormack, J., Katowski, Bruno, V.
Anderson, Levine, Jarrosiak, Bowen, Duohy, Bloomer
Barewicz, Bishop, Jozwiak, Karwan, Bruno, F., Kurant, LaBelle

SCHEDULE

April 28	M. S. J.	T	May 19	Hartford	T
April 30	Poultney	T	May 22	Pittsford	T
May 3	Brandon	T	May 25	Rutland	H
May 5	Rutland	T	May 28	Fair Haven	H
May 8	Proctor	T	June 1	Fair Haven	T
May 12	Willsboro	T	June 5	Burr & Burton	T
May 14	Ludlow	H	June 8	Wallingford	H
May 17	Wallingford	T	June 9	M. S. J.	H
	June 12	Hartford	H		

Managers: Martin McCormack and Francis Woods

W. R. H. S. -



-1937-

BASKETBALL

McNamara	Bartlett	McCabe, S.	Bishop
Orzell	Lindberg	Accorsi	Guertin
Lanthier	Sobotka	Lebuda	Mulcahey
Harrington	McCabe, E.	Dwyer	Anderson
	Wolinsky		

SCHEDULE

Dec. 16	Wallingford	T	Feb. 5	Pittsford	T
Jan. 5	Brandon	H	Feb. 12	Brandon	T
Jan. 12	Pittsford	H	Feb. 16	Fair Haven	T
Jan. 16	Fair Haven	H	Feb. 22	Hartford	T
	Feb. 2	Hartford	H		

- W. R. H. S. -



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FOOTBALL

Levine	Morowski	Sutkoski	Brutkoski	Bruno
Zagroba	Barewicz	Bishop	Pomykato	Kurant
Rustkoski	Sabatino	Fish	Eno	Karwan
Corey	Smyrski	Bowen	Sadoski	LaBelle
Katonski	Johnston	Clodgo	Jozwiak	

Managers McCormack Woods

SCHEDULE

Sept 26	Proctor	H	Oct 24	Ludlow	H
Oct 3	Brandon	H	Oct 31	Pittsford	H
Oct 10	Open		Nov 7	Rutland	T
Oct 17	M. S. J.		Nov 14	Fair Haven	T

JOKEES



Dot Bartlett: "Rennie, dear, we've been going together now for more than 10 years. Don't you think we ought to get married?"

Rennie: "Yes, you're right, but who'll have us?"

"Love makes the world go round." So does a good swallow of tobacco juice.

A politician is a man who stands for what he thinks he thinks others will fall for.

Corey: "What makes your vase so red?"

McCormack: "Shure," replied Mart, "it's the reflection of me soul."

"The reflection of your soul? What do you mean?" asked Bill.

"Shure, it's the reflection of me soul," repeated Mart. "It's glowing with pleasure at me ability to tend to me own business."

"Some men thirst after fame, some after lobe, and some after money."

I know something they all thirst after."

"What's that?"

"Salted almonds."

Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to.

Old lady: "I wouldn't cry like that, my little man."

Boy: "Cry however you darn please; this is my way."

"My wife has been nursing a grouch all week."

"Why, I didn't know you had been sick."

Newlywed: "What's this lump in the cake?"

Wife: "Dearest, it's cottage pudding and that must be the foundation."

The height of something or other is a dumb girl turning a deaf ear to a blind date.

About the only thing that can lie down on the job and get results is a hen.

It's fine to have fun, but don't let the fine cost more than the fun.

Wisdom may be hidden. Ignorance is always in evidence.

First Kangaroo: "Annabelle, where's the baby?"

Second Kangaroo: "My goodness! I've had my pocket picked."

Some folks speak as they think, and some oftener.

A school girl's essay in Montoona paper reads as follows:

"When we go camping, we must keep the place neat, we must be very careful to put out the fire. This is God's country. Don't burn it up and make it look like hell."

Lady Customer: "A bottle of Insulin, please?"

Druggist: "U-40?"

Lady Customer after an interval of embarrassed silence:

"Er-uh no, I'm forty-three."

Better try to do something
And fail in the deed.
Than try nothing
And always succeed.

The distance between some people's ears is one block.

Miss Burns: "Why, Charlie, what are you drawing?"

"I'm drawing a picture of God."

"But, Charlie, you mustn't do that; nobody knows how God looks."

Charlie smiled confidently:

"Well," he said, "they will when I get this done."

Charlie Piper (pointing to a cigarette end on the floor)

"Touhy is this yours?"

Touhy (pleasantly): Not at all sir. You saw it first."

Bob Bloomer: "Did Charlotte enjoy her date with Julian last nite?"

Earle Bishop: "She was never so humiliated in her life. When Julie started to eat his soup, five couples got up and went out without finishing their dinner."

Here is a list of towns with odd names, with the state included, make interesting combinations: Ash, Kan.; Carpet, Tex.; Mount, Wash.; Ogoo, Ga.; Odear Me.; Skelton, Ky.; Shoo, Fla.; Kay, O.; Howdy, Miss.; Fiven, Ten.

"My subject is 'Ants'. Ants is one of two kinds, insects and lady uncles. Sometimes they crawl into the sugar bole, and sometimes they live with their married sisters. That is all I know about ants."

"Would you marry a woman who is a great talker or the other kind, Ezry?"

"What other kind?"

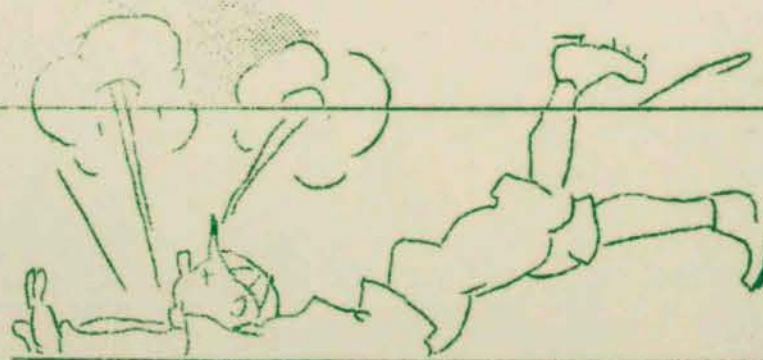
All things come to the other fellow if you sit down and wait.

Bob Bloomer
Class of '39

-W.R.H.S.-

1937

WAVE



NEWS



Scholarships have been falling heavily on certain members of the Senior Class.

Samuel Levine, who took part in the oratory contest in Rutland, won second prize. He was awarded a \$100 scholarship. He then journeyed to Burlington, where he took first prize, which was a \$150 scholarship. They were both scholarships to the University of Vermont. The name of his topic was "Jean Val Jean."

In the State Literary Contest, Roberta Moore won first prize in the field of essay, and Miss Wolinsky won third prize. The names of the essay prize winners are "Elegy In a Country Dooryard" and "My Mother's Dinner Set" respectively. The scholarship awards were a \$150 scholarship to Miss Moore and a \$75 scholarship to Miss Wolinsky. Both are contributed by the University of Vermont.

* * * * *

The senior play "Funny Phinnie" was presented in the Town Hall on May 27. The cast chosen by the faculty was: Ruby Schaeffer

--Thelma Wolinsky, Genevieve MacGoosh--Cecelia Libuda, Clara Titterbaum---Nellie Accorsi, Ella Flynn--Mary Wagner, Millicent Murray--Alice Chase, Amos Plummer--Martin McCormack, Mr. Glucksman--Edward LaBelle, Richard Kendall--Francis Woods, Mrs. Plummer--Mary Baker, Phineas Pike--Samuel Levine, Property & Stage Manager--Frank Bruno, Business Manager---John Murphy.

This show was a great success. Dancing followed at the High School Gymnasium. Music was furnished by records.

* * * * *

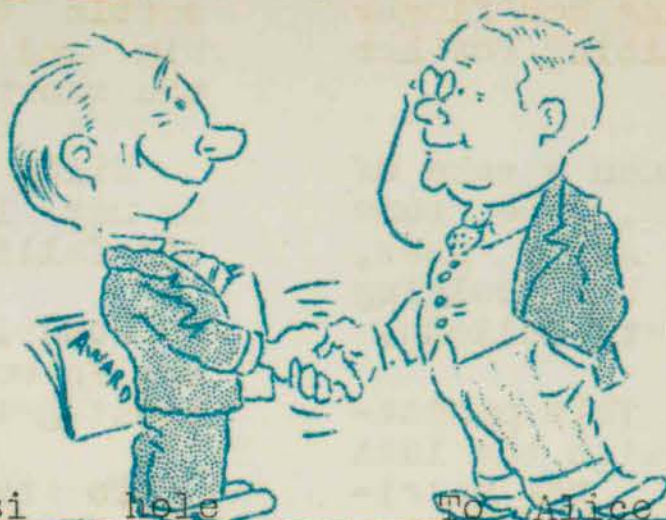
Mr. Noble, Supervisor of high schools for the State of Vermont, visited our classes recently. While here he discussed suggested changes in the Commercial Course.

* * * * *

The Green & Gold staff members visited the Rutland Herald office.

* * * * *

PRESENTATIONS



To Nellie Accorsi, a blue
in this piece of paper to
remind her of the great deal
of assistance that she got
from her co-worker when
correcting papers for Miss
Burns.

To Anna Anderson, a memo
book, so she can keep her
dates straight. One night
she got them mixed up and
had to intertain two boys at
the same time.

To Hildur Anderson, a
block of wood to bring back
memories of her ex-boy
friend, "Swanee."

To Mary Baker, a tube of
tooth paste. Now Mary can
keep her charming smile, "the
smile of beauty," for ever
and ever and ever.

Eleanore Bania was always
such, that we have always
yearned to let her be heard
once, so we give her this
little microphone.

To Dot Bartlett, a book
on hair setting. Speaking
conservatively, I think that
Dot came to school, about
every other day with a new
slant to her hair.

I think we ought to give
Joan Bishop something to re-
member John Jozwiak by. So
in the dead of the night I
clipped one of his golden
locks. Here it is.

To Alice Chase, a blue
pontiac. Figure the rest
out for yourself.

To Joyce Fredette, a civics
manual with Unit Seven all
filled in--Behold folks the
one and only Senior, who has
accomplished this task.

To Anna Fryzel, a little
boy friend, so she can walk
home in the dark without
fear of the big bad man.

To Bernice Gould, a piece
of carbon paper. In the near
future when you do your sch-
ool work, just insert this
piece of paper and help out
your fellow students as you
have in the past.

To Stephaniea we give a
home in the village so she
wont have to climb up Board-
man Hill.

Canelia Grazene, another
one of the girls who didn't
find their tongue until the
last year. Well, we'll give
her a picture of Timmy Wol-
insky, just so she will find
her tongue.

To Mary Kearney, we give
a whistle so she won't have
to squeak when she hits a
high spot in her singing.
Now all she has to do is
blow her whistle.

To Lorraine Guertin we
give some red pepper to keep

her from biting her finger nails, while waiting for her boyfriend.

Vernon Bateman a cake of ironized yeast, the same stuff Charles Atlas uses, we hope he may have bulging biceps of a modern Goliath.

Frank Bruno. This presentation is given with the idea of preserving the matrimonial harmony of a future couple. This, folks, is a package of spaghetti, and the receiver is Frank Bruno. We hope he'll show his future better half how to prepare this dish, so it will suit him.

Jozwiak. The rattle that Miss Burns has been promising him for the past four years. We know how these teachers have to pinch and save to get along.

Karwan. A book to read while he's waiting for Libby at the library.

A. Kaszuba. A piece of iron, just to give you a start in the junk business.

S. Kurant. Some fly paper so he can hold some of the girls that flock around him.

McCormack. A car, his first customer for the little filling station on the Rutland road.

Sadoski. a bottle of cod liver oil to make him grow taller. This we hope will

settle the argument between him and Yankoski. "Who is the shorter?"

Wilk. A true Confession so he may learn the methods of his fellow-men.

Woods. A Jar of vaseline. now Fa won't have to worry about getting bald-headed.

To the sheikiest boy in the Senior Class, Yankowski, we give a mirror, now we hope, he won't have to run in the house to see how he looks.

Dwyer, a book of Mother Goose Rhymes. R o d g e r always did enjoy little Miss Muffet.

To Marcus Fish we give this valise. Marcus always wanted to be a traveling salesman.

To Richard Prenevost, a bottle of wave lotion and two curlers, so he may never have to worry about his hair.

To Brutkoski, a picture of what a real football player would look like, so he won't be disillusioned when he gets out in the world.

To Ned LaBelle, a pair of shoes, you know Neddy always had a terrible time finding a pair to fit him.

To Jerry Eno we give a ticket on the Vermont Limited, which goes from Ira to West Rutland.

We, the class of 1937, do hereby authorize and appoint Burns E. Martin and Robert C. Morey as administrators of our estate, and realizing the severity of the depression, it is our wish that these gentlemen not be required to furnish bond.

Signed and published by the class of 1937 of West Rutland High School for their last Will and Testament, in testimony thereof, we place our signatures this 17th day of June, in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-seven.

Roberta Moore, of the county of Rutland,
State of Vermont.

Francis Woods, of the county of Rutland,
State of Vermont.

— CLASS WILL —



We, the class of 1937, being of sound and sane mind do hereby make, publish, and declare this our last Will and Testament.

Nellie Accorsi leaves to Theresa Battles all claim to the front seat in classes.

Anna Anderson wills to Jane Wysolmerski her habit of taking her time about everything.

Hildur Anderson wills to Florence Mulcahey her appreciation of the shady side of life.

Mary Baker desires to endow Anna Hinckley with a dozen bananas for the school lunch.

Eleanor Bania bequeaths to Charlotte Kelly her immobility of countenance.

Dorothy Bartlett leaves to Sheila Bourlis what she terms her "heartbreaking" ability.

Vernon Bateman, after much thought, has decided against leaving anything behind him but a memory.

Joan Bishop leaves with Dorothy Heyman the inspiration and example of her height.

Frank Bruno leaves all his friends a smile.

Herman Brutkoski has resolved to leave to Stuart Montgomery his beard.

Alice Chase wills to Patricia McCormack the habit of taking a constitutional every night after supper. It means "a walk for health," Patricia.

Rodger Donald Dwyer wills to next year's class pest the chairs in the commercial room for practicing acrobatics.

Jerry Eno leaves Walter Perry his football uniform.

Marcus Fish leaves his strut to Paul Crossman.

Joyce Fredette wills her lipstick to Sophie Czahor.

Anna Fryzel leaves Anna Wilkins her quiet disposition.

Bernice Gould wills to Pearl Harrington the shelter of Main Street Garage for wet nights.

Stephania Grabowski wills to Pat Heyman as a close second the mirror in the girls' lavatory where she has spent all her spare time.

Camelia Grazene wills to Catherine Gray the long walks to Rutland on Friday afternoons.

Lorraine Guertin leaves Miss Hinchey her red N. Y. A. pencil to use on next year's civics pads.

John Jozwiak leaves an echo.

Stephen Karwan wills to Louis Smyrski his soprano giggle.

Alec Kaszuba wills to James Kearney his business-like stride.

Mary Kearney leaves her shadow, to fall on Florence Ambrose.

Stanley Kurant leaves Jimmy McNeil the position as secretary to Mr. Francis N. Hinchey.

Edward LaBelle leaves Arden Day a few hints on how to win his girls.

Gen LaBelle wills to Sis LaBelle her habit of arriving at school never earlier than 8:45.

Irma Lang leaves Florence Ryan her "bumming" ability.

Cecelia Lebuda wills to next year's Seniors all the interesting literature she got through the Exchange.

Samuel Levine wills to the next editor-in-chief of the paper the splendid system of filing which he perfected.

Mary Magner leaves Jeanne Lanthier her rubber apron in chemistry.

Martin McCormack leaves Eddie McCormack the athletic managership.

Roberta Moore leaves Shirley McCabe the secret of how to keep the staff hustling.

Cecelia Mulcahey leaves a vacancy into which Floyd Gibbons may climb as the fastest talker.

Richard Prenevost and Thaddeus Wilk are going snooks and will Earle Bishop enough of their quietness to offset his noisiness.

John Sadoski wills Red Lang his collection of original book reports.

Thelma Wolinsky wills to Mary Orzell one lock of hair as an inspiration to grow as bountiful a crop as Timmy.

Francis Woods leaves to George Anderson his role as the ideal Romeo in plays.

Mary Woods leaves her freckles to be equally divided among Florence Magner, Libby Haines, and Polly Orzell.

Joe Yankoski wills Julie Levine the position he holds as class sheik.

Collectively, we desire to leave the Juniors the splendid intellectual advantages afforded by the Civics Research Library, and we leave Miss Hinchey a new flock with which to stay up late at night.

We will the oncoming classes to the tender mercies of Mr. Martin, Mr. Morey, and Miss Burns, hoping from the depths of our overflowing hearts, that they will pester them as efficiently as we have done.

Miss Ross, for her heroic vocal efforts, certainly deserves a legacy of a more appreciative audience.

We will Miss Mead any copies of the Green and Gold which she may care to rescue from the wastebasket.

And to Miss Humphreys we leave the memory of the publicity we've given her through the G. & G.

We have passed the collection box and are therefore able to will Mr. Charles Piper a box of Kleenex in which to lament our passing.

CLASS SONG



Dear old Alma Mater that we love so well
Now we have to say farewell,
And in years to come we'll carry on
The glory of the four years gone.

Chorus:

West Rutland High! West Rutland High!
It's time for us to say good-bye.
The grand old colors, green and gold,
Will linger when our hearts grow old.
Dear old Alma Mater you will never die
For we will always hold your banner high.
West Rutland High! West Rutland High!
It's time for us to say good-bye.

Now we say good-bye to all our classmates true
Whom we've known these four years through.
And our many teachers all so dear
We'll always honor and revere.

Words--Bernice Gould
Music--Thelma Wolinsky

CLASS POEM



MEMORIES

Sweet and clear the voices ring,
And as the lower classmen sing
Songs to cheer us on our way,
We know that in some future day,
When life's song takes a new refrain
These melodies will come again.

And as they echo in our ears,
Those mem'ries of the bygone years
Will bring into our minds anew
The thoughts of old friends tried and true.
We'll live again our high school days,
And, as our fancy fondly plays,

We'll hear again the merry sound
Of comrades as they gather round.
Amidst these mem'ries very dear
Will come ideals we've cherished here;
We'll think of them, and then we'll try
To be true to them, West Rutland High.

Camelia Grazene

PROPHECY



As the members of the Senior Class of 1937 promenaded the halls of our beloved school, memories of the entire four years crowd into our minds. We begin to wonder what will happen to all our classmates. Here is the way we may meet them a few years from now on the Alumni Page of the Green and Gold Magazine:

Jerry Eno and Marcus Fish owners of a large ranch out West. Mar needs the moon to help him out as a romancer.

Don Dwyer as the manager of a large hotel in New York. Don received his experience waiting on table summers at Lake Bomoseen.

Alex Kaszuba a professor at Northwestern University. Kasubie at last is having a chance for his decisions to remain undisputed.

Martin McCormack and Fa Woods as the only two active members of the Bridge Club. All the rest left to get married, but Mart and Fa haven't found any two girls to suit their tastes.

Sam Levine and Berta Moore as co-editors of a daily New York paper. Sam spends all his spare time

telling his beloved wife (Thelma Wolinsky) what a great success he is in life. We all knew he would be.

Stephe Barwan, owner of the "Libby" Meat Market in West Rutland. (If you know what I mean.)

John Jozwiak and Stanley Kurant employed in New Jersey. Jersey is still looking for his blonde from Proctor.

Dot Bartlett, a conservatively married person, who with her husband is at present touring the country in a trailer.

Bernice Gould and Mary Kearney appearing as the "Gold Sisters" in the Metropolitan Opera.

Irma Lang another one of our married members. Urry and her husband are living in California but recently visited Poultney.

Mary Magner has finally decided it is Bob. He always seemed to have the preference in High School.

Gen LaBelle and Sadowski are both looking for a 'one and only' they could love forever. Gen agrees that

boys are nice, but she doesn't think she could stick to one.

Stephie Grabowski, still in a romantic mood, entertains two boy friends a night.

Camelia Grazene, after having taken a nurse's course, has finally returned to Whipple Hollow to become the blushing bride of a certain F. K.

Richard Prenevost, a leading doctor in New York City, has working with him as nurses: Mary Baker, Cecelia Lebuda, Cecelia Mulcahey, and Mary Woods.

Joan Bishop living happily ever after in Amherst Mass.

Joyce Fredette mistress of a well known Johnston farm in Ira.

Joseph Yankowski, operator of a leading style shop in Paris. Joe always showed the rest of us up when it came to clothes.

Frank Bruno, the sole owner of a million dollar factory in West Rutland. Frankie's one ambition is to give the boy graduates of W. R. H. S. a chance in life. Working as his private

secretary is Alice Chase. Al and Frank always did get along pretty well together on the dance committee.

Herman Burtkoski recently ran the mile race with Glen Cunningham and came out the victor. Burtkoski always was racing someone in school.

Nellie Accorsi head waitress at the Cascades, smiles enchantingly at the orchestra leader, once a W. R. accordian player.

Anna Anderson now living in Sweden with her good-looking blonde from Proctor.

Thaddeus Wilk and Eleanor Bania employed in Robert Gregg's office. Ted is private secretary and Eleanor--well, she seems to get along very nicely with Ted.

Anna Fryzel is running the smartest beauty parlor in Hollywood. That's where Popsie Anderson spends her spare moments off the set. She, Popsie, is now making a picture with Vernon Bateman as her leading man.

Lorraine Guertin and Ned LaBelle happily married in W. R. Ned now closes the doors of his store at nine sharp to go to "home sweet home."

CLASS PROPHECY

Alice Chase

Stanley Kurant

CLASS HISTORY



In reviewing in my mind the events of the first two years that the class of 1937 spent in West Rutland High School these are naturally some that stand out more vividly than others. It is true, of course, that we entered school in September, participated in football, basketball, baseball, school plays, and dances, enjoyed vacations and passed on to other courses in June. Mere routine, you will say. But looking back upon those happy days we say "No". There are memories that to us, at least make these past four years different from the four years spent by any other class at West Rutland High School.

For instance, what other class ever witnessed at the Freshman Reception such a romantic scene as that which occurred between Timmy and Sammy in their little dream cart. Or has any other group ever boasted anyone more skillful than Mary Kearney in the art of playing leap frog as she demonstrated at the same entertainment.

That first year was spent in learning many things not

found in text books but facts about the many accomplishments of our various classmates. We discovered that Bernice Gould could whisper louder than anyone in study hall; that Anna Anderson was considered to be the lucky girl in receiving the front seat every other day.

(This happened in the year 1933 when we were Freshmen).

We also learned that we had a future heavy weight champion in our midst when John Sadoski "The Sawdust Kid" took on "Hambone" Gurdak for a ten round bout in the high school gym. At the clang of the bell "Kid" rushed out of his corner and "Hambone" dealt him a terrific right to the chin. It was 58 seconds to go but "Kid" flopped in the middle of the ring and took time out. This was a hot and bloody fight while it lasted, so hot that many of the girls had to leave the gym.

Just when spring fever ripped us and we freshmen were thinking of taking it easy for a while, Mr. Hinchey called the boys into the Science room and politely

asked them to report at school at noon a half hour earlier to keep a date with "Fat Emma." They came as requested and Mr. Hinchey escorted them to the baseball field. Here they met "Fat Emma" in person and she weighed only a mere 2½ tons. After much tugging and pushing they finally got the baseball diamond rolled to Mr. Hinchey's satisfaction.

Thus the first year was spent in getting acquainted.

Another year was on its way, and now we were Sophomores. Our first responsibility as the members of the sophomore class was to prepare a program for the exciting event, the Freshman reception.

Elections were held, and our guides for the year were chosen: Samuel Levine, president; Thelma Wolinsky, vice president; Alice Chase, secretary; and Frank Bruno treasurer. This choice of competent officers accounts to a great extent in our success and spirit of cooperation manifested throughout the remainder of our four years.

In the prize speaking contest held in June only one contestant was numbered from the class of '37, but that one was destined in his senior year to make a mark for himself as a speaker--Samuel Levine.

I musn't forget one great event most important of all exams. And I am rather happy to say, perhaps because we all became extremely studious over night, most of us were not disappointed when we read our report cards.

The end of the year came--a day to breathe and recall things that have passed on, and to think of returning in September and becoming a part of the great group to which we felt we now belonged.

Thus our two so happily passed at West Rutland High.

In the fall of the year 1935, we entered high school with our chins up a trifle more than the preceding year for now we were full-fledged juniors.

Sports, as usual, became the main topic of the day. Without sports a great many of the students would lose their interest in high school. So, as soon as one sport is over, another is brought to the front, and the interest of the students quickly swings toward the new diversion.

Football started with the promise of a successful season. The team pulled through with five victories, tying one and losing one. Edward LaBelle starred this year, being chosen guard on the All-State second team.

And with football season over, we had many an enjoyable game to watch during the long winter months. Our new gym looked grander than ever, and many a visitor praised it highly. But, alas, our team did not come up to our hopes and many a game was lost.

After a few exciting baseball games, graduation exercises rolled around. We bid our classmates good-bye when our last social event of the year was held in the form of a picnic.

The Seniors now felt that the Green & Gold was their responsibility. Samuel Levine was chosen editor-in-chief of the magazine and of the News, with Alice Chase assistant editor of the magazine and Roberta Moore of the News. Each week as the zero hour approached for the publishing of the paper, many of the staff were seen working to a late hour at night. The sales of the publication were noticeably increased by the new idea of giving away prizes each week to the holder of the paper bearing the lucky number. The "Green & Gold Weekly" received a certificate of merit from the National Mimeograph Exchange Association.

The annual Senior Play was a success and we, the Seniors, chose Mary Baker as future grandmother of the

Senior Class of 1937 as a result of her roles in the past few productions.

Members of our class had the honor of taking first and third prizes in the essay contest conducted by the University of Vermont. Roberta Moore won a \$150 scholarship and Thelma Wolinsky \$75.

The last few weeks were busily spent in publishing the paper, taking pictures, exams, preparing for class picnic and finally graduation exercises.

And now as we say good-bye, we are certain that we shall always remember the four years spent in West Rutland High School.

Mary Baker

Alec Kaszuba

PASTIME



Nellie Accorsi, our ambitious N. Y. A. worker whiled away her hours after school working for Miss Burns. Her devoted helper was Sammy Levine.

If you heard a continuous scratch! scratch! that was probably Anna Anderson answering Gen LaBelle's notes. Gen certainly did keep you busy, Anna.

Hildur Anderson was always seen answering those letters from Wilder. I wonder if she has the art of writing love letters down pat.

Mary Baker enjoyed going out riding in a Ford V-8. It wasn't just for the ride. It's that young fellow that works at Smith's Garage in Fair Haven.

Eleanor Bania, our quietest senior girl (I have my doubts) was never at a loss for a pastime. They tell me it's her neighbor.

Dotty Bartlett spent her time planning her future. Her right-hand man was a junior boy.

Joan Bishop wasted reams of paper writing notes back and forth to Jersey.

Joyce Fredette could be seen going down to the Post Office regularly every Friday, to get that letter from Boston.

Anna Fryzel tried to live up to what Mr. Morey said about not letting anything interrupt her during dictation, even if she fell out of her chair. She had a hard time with Bateman sitting beside her.

If you looked out the front windows, you could always see Bernice Gould bumming. She said it was a cinch even though she had to do it.

Stephie Grabowski was always trying to keep those love letters she got a secret. Imagine trying to keep anything away from the senior girls!

Camelia Grazene spent her time dreaming of the little farm of her own that she would some day own.

Mary Kearney spent about twelve nights a week practicing on her violin.

Gen LaBelle was a great one for wasting money on postage stamps and telephone calls.

Umy Lang wished there were more student teachers, such as Joe.

Cecelia Lebuda was always writing letters to people she has never seen, for instance, Wallingford.

Mary Magner was kept busy shooing the boys off her front porch.

Roberta Moore certainly did like to antagonize Sammy Levine. Maybe after graduation, Sam, you may spend a few moments alone. And then at that I don't know. You see, Berta has a bicycle.

Cecelia Mulcahey was always on the run trying to get N. Y. A. work from Mr. Martin. She usually caught him coming out of his room trying to escape from her.

Timmy Wolinsky was always filibustering her classmates.

Mary Woods' time was taken up keeping company with that certain "Walt" from Rutland.

Alice Chase began in April thinking how much she'd miss shorthand class. No, it's not Mr. Morey. It's Martin McCormack. You see, he sits behind her.

Lorraine spent most of her time on the Avenue. The reason is tall and handsome, but not dark.

Whenever one heard a crash, he merely concluded that "Clark" Bateman was again removing the chair from

underneath someone. He did love to see his classmates on the floor.

Frank Bruno did a good job of wearing out the streets between his house and Franklin Street.

Brutkoski's pastime was just doing nothing in particular.

Don Dwyer was trying to live up to the high honor of being the class pest. He certainly succeeded, without a doubt.

Marcus Fish enjoyed walking up and down the aisles in Woolworths. They tell me the reason is tall, dark, and handsome.

Jerry Eno spent his time on a little orange bridge not far from his house.

John Jozwiak, "Jersey" to you, always tried to see how much sleep he could get during classes. The result was he always had his feet stuck in someone's way.

Karwan was always in his glory while pestering his nearest neighbor. And tacks! say, he had everyone shooting high.

Kasuba spent the greater part of his time trying to locate the different parts of the typewriter. By the way have you found where the paper release is located? At least Mr. Morey doesn't think you have.

Neddy LaBelle was always tying his nearest neighbor to her chair. Better be careful or you will be one day tying that know that lasts for a lifetime, Ned.

Sammy Levine just took every chance he could to

drive round and round the Rutland High School in Mr. Hinchey's car.

Sadowski was always in deep meditation trying to find out what "Huzzey" wanted to point out.

Joe Yankowski spent his time at the Polkas. They say he dances divinely--with his shadow.

Prenevost spent hours putting those waves of his in place.

Kurant was wishing there were more than four dances during the school year. You've probably guessed why.

he always got out of classes.

Wilk was always wishing the darn senior girls would keep quiet during dictation. He was the one and only who got Mr. Morey's dictation and could transcribe his notes.

Francis Wood's greatest pastime was bumming to Rutland with "Mac" to take in the movies.

When Martin McCormack was asked why he went down to the library, he would say it was to follow up a story in some magazine. Some of those serial stories have no end evidently.

Class Pastime

~~Lorraine~~ Lorraine Guertin

THE TIRED OLD HORSE

The whistles blare the knell of parting day,
And shadows gently fall across the lea,
I slowly homeward tread my weary way
While cars spin by in dust--no room for me.

Now fades the press room's din upon my ears,
And all the air a welcome silence holds.
A low o'erhanging cloud awakes my fears
Of rain. Darkness the earth enfolds,

Save that from yonder barn beside the road
Lights twinkle brightly; milkin' time.
I jump in fright. From underfoot, a toad
Leaps nimbly 'cross my path to help my rhyme.

Roberta Moore, '37

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